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OR  
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# ROSANNA;

OR

## SCENES IN BOSTON.

A STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR

OF "THREE EXPERIMENTS OF LIVING," "THE CONTRAST, OR  
MODES OF EDUCATION," ETC.

"It is the privilege of few authors to contribute largely to the general good; but almost every one may contribute something, if this is his sincere and honest purpose."

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WRITTEN AND SOLD FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE INFANT  
SCHOOL IN BROAD STREET, BOSTON.

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## ROSANNA.

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### CHAPTER I.

12-5-75 J. M.  
"O happy is the man, who hears  
Instruction's faithful voice;  
And who celestial *wisdom* makes  
His early, only choice."

IN every city there are places for the poor; we do not allude to almshouses, hospitals, or even those doubtful schools of reform, houses of correction; but places where they naturally resort for cheap rent, where they collect together, and can have some of the pleasures of society without crossing the threshold of the outer door. There would seem to be obvious advantages arising from three or four families occupying one

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house and one yard. Many good offices might be exchanged; the children might be taken care of by one of the mothers alternately, and the other mothers left at liberty to pursue their daily employments, and earn a comfortable living. Yet there is too much reason to suppose, that there is seldom good fellowship where people are so situated. We hear of strife and ill will among them; and they reject the most important thing that they can have, like water, without paying any price for it.

This one thing is *wisdom*. We are told, in the Bible, that it is

“Better than gold,”

“Better than strength,”


“Better than weapons of war.”

We are also told, that

“Fools despise it,”

“Fools die for want of it.”

Now we certainly ought to be informed what is meant by *wisdom*. Let



us go to the Bible again, and search.

We are there told, that

“It is the fear of God,”

“It is meekness,”

“It is holiness,”

“It is purity.”

The poor can get this pearl beyond price as well as the rich, for it does not come by money, or by book-learning; it comes from the fear of offending God, which is the beginning of wisdom. There are none who have reason and intellect, or, in common language, their right minds, who do not understand what the fear of offending God means. For instance, none can believe, if they are guilty of theft, of intemperance, of neglect of their families, of profaneness, of cruelty to animals, or immorality of any kind, that they are not offending God. No one can say, “I did not know this was wrong;” for, whether they are Catholics or Protestants, all in this city can

have religious instruction, if they seek it. The only excuse that they can make, is, "I did not think"! A miserable excuse, when God has given us minds to think with. It would be just as wise, to walk into the fire or the ocean, and say, "We did not think"!

People who are good-tempered, industrious, and honest, have laid in a stock of wisdom, which is as necessary for their comfort as fuel is for winter.

Whether families live together in a palace, a house, or a cellar, they are what is called a community. They are like a town or a city, where all should strive for the general good. It often happens, that one may be more enlightened than the others. In that case, that one is bound to use his influence in sowing the seeds of wisdom, which, in time, will spring up and bring forth fair fruit. The Bible says,

"There was a little city, and few

men within it; and there came a great king and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it *a poor wise man*, and he by his wisdom delivered the city.

“Then said I, Wisdom is better than strength; the words of wise men are heard in quiet more than the cry of him that ruleth among fools.

“Wisdom is better than weapons of war; but *one sinner* destroyeth much good.”

In a very small yard there lived several families. It is only with three, however, that we are to become acquainted. In one house there were four apartments, two lower and two upper ones. The lower were much the best, indeed, but for a flight of steps, resembling a ladder, which led out of the centre of the room into the garret above. One of these garrets was tenanted by Rosanna McCarty and her two children. It

was not a very comfortable place; for the roof slanted down, so that there was but one spot in which you could stand upright. Rosanna was born in Ireland, and, at the early age of sixteen, was induced to join a large party of emigrants, who came to this country on the reception of the following letter.

“DEAR JOHN,

“As it is jist to yourself I am about writing, I hope you will demane yourself so much as to read my letter. I think it is but fair to tell you I have got a great prospect, so that all of you may come over sea, and earn a portion. We had a hard time of it aboard ship,—a great deal of mortal sickness, which ended in death. Our friends Sam and Corny were thrown overboard. Corny’s wife behaved herself dacently enough. When she found he was clane gone to the bottom, she wrung her hands, and cried, ‘Ogh! ogh! O wirrastreu! O wirrastreu, ogh! O

Catty Corny, that ever you 'd live to see this day !' .

"The Captain at first seemed very kind to poor Catty, and so he brought her a sip of whisky, and, says he, 'Then take this to comfort your heart, my poor woman.' Well, Catty jist swallowed the whisky, and then it was 'Ogh, wirrastreu,' worse than ever; and the Captain got tired of goodness wonderful soon, and so he told Catty, if she kept up her 'Ogh, wirrastreu,' he 'd throw her overboard after Corny; so that seemed to ase her poor heart at once, and make her rasonable.

"Well! we landed here in Boston, and a varry fine place it is; and the first thing we did was to have a wake for Corny and Sam, jist as if we was in old Ireland. There was ten of us got together in a tavern; where the jinn-  
tleman that keeps it under ground in Broad Street, gave us as much whisky

as we wanted, only civilly asking us jist to pay aforehand, and demaning himself to drink it with us ; though he never has been a step in the old country. We thought it would not be civil not to ask Corny's wife, and the other widowers, that had seen their husbands and childrens thrown overboard. The worse luck for us, that we did ; for it is always the women that make the most noise. I do believe you might have heard their voices from Ballynascrew to Cork. Well, what was the end ; first, the landlord steps up, and he says, says he, ' Jintlemen ! them are women must n't make sich a noise, or I guess we shall have the watch arter us. Now this was putty hard for poor Catty, and so she began ' Ogh, wirrastreu, ogh, ogh, ogh,' louder than ever ; and then, in common dacency, we could not but help her on, it seemed such an asement to her poor heart. Well, in the midst of it, sure enough,



they carried us all off to jail. I don't know how they got me there, for I would not demane myself to move in the matter. They kept us there two days, and then the priest heard we had just arrived from the old country, and he came to make us a call. When he heard what we had to say, and found we were only doing our duty, he contrived to get us out of jail, and gave us varry good advice, and he said it was different here from the old country, and we must not drink whisky. It took all the money we had, to have the wake ; so it was pretty lucky our getting a berth in jail till we got risted.

“Well! the priest talked a time to me, and when he found out I'd got an edication, and when he see my hand-writing, he seemed to have a respect for me, and so he said, if I'd behave myself well, he'd get me a good place ; and then he asked if I knew how to take

care of horses ; so, says I, ‘ Plase your honor, there is n’t a horse in Ballynascrew that I have n’t backed without bridle or saddle ; ’ and so, says he, ‘ I don’t mane that, Jerry ; I mane, can you drive a carriage ? ’ So says I, ‘ Plase your Reverence, it’s jist what I was brought up to.’ Then he seemed to look kind of doubtful ; so I offered to take my oath ; but he said, ‘ No, it was not necessary.’ Well ! he got me an excellent berth in a rale jintleman’s family, not one of them that keeps boarders in Broad Street, but that lives in a sort of palace. Now I assure you, on the honor of a jintleman, that I has twenty dollars a month for only demaning myself to drive his lady about and take care of the horses. As for fare, nobody here lives on potatoes ; they only has a few, for variety, with their turkeys, and chickens, and pies, and puddings. Now I want you to tell Rosanna Dalton, bless her swate

face, I'll get her a place to ride in the carriage with the children, if she'll jist come over; and, if she sticks at that, it is her own fault if I don't make her my darling wife. Yours to sarve,

JERRY M'CARTY."

It may well be supposed, that this letter made a great stir in the old world; turkeys and chickens, pies and puddings, with potatoes for variety, were not to be resisted; and Rosanna, whose mother had ten children, and a prospect of as many more, was advised to accept the invitation, to which her parents made not the slightest objection. So joining about thirty others, who came in search of fortunes, she arrived safe at Long Wharf in Boston.

Jerry had won upon his master by his good nature and coachman-like qualities; and, as about that time the Yankee chambermaid had "given warning," he

was able to get the place for Rosanna. She had the true Irish face, in its early innocence, blue eyes, fair hair, and rosy cheeks. Though ignorant of the duties of her place, she was desirous of learning, and soon became a favorite with her mistress. In a short time, however, Jerry began to think he was bound to fulfil the other part of his promise, and make her his "darling wife." In vain the master and mistress advised them to remain contented, and lay up their wages, till they had accumulated something to begin with, and warned them, that they would lose their places, should they marry. McCarty had promised and Rosanna had consented, and there was no reason why they should not be married. So the priest made them man and wife.

It is not necessary to follow them through the next few years; it would be a painful task, and too common a history to excite much interest. For a

time M<sup>c</sup>Carty drove a hack; but his intemperate habits became more than suspected. Their children rapidly increased in number. Rosanna struggled long with poor health, maternal cares, and the neglect of her husband. Heaven at length took two of her children; and, at the end of a few miserable years, she was left a widow, with only two children remaining, and nothing to depend upon but the labor of her hands. Once Rosanna had health, spirits, and industry sufficient to have enabled her to earn a comfortable living; but her spirit was crushed, her health impaired, and all about her bore that appearance of hopeless indigence, which too plainly indicated, that Jerry's example had had a fatal influence on his young wife.

Rosanna was not a drunkard in its worst sense. As yet she had not learned to carouse on the intoxicating draught; but she sometimes, on her way home from a

hard day's work, bought a gill of the liquid fire, not because she loved the taste, but because when swallowed, it brought insensibility to the wants and hard struggles of life, for a night. But morning must come, and how dearly has that deep, that deathlike sleep been bought? Another step towards destruction has been taken, showing itself in the aching head, the blood-shot eyes, the irritable frame. Poor Rosanna! was there no friend near to counsel, aid, and assist her? Young, in a strange land, unable to write or read, with feeble health, and two children depending on her for food! We can scarcely imagine a more deplorable situation. Those, who were in the habit of employing work-people, looked scoffingly at her, as she offered her services.

The time had passed, when her active step, her light form, and neat dress, would have recommended her; though yet only twenty-three, the beauty of

youth had fled. She wore over her still fine hair a dirty-white cotton cap, with a wide, flaunting border. A shabby plaid cloak concealed more shabby garments beneath; her hands and naked arms pushed through the ragged arm-holes, and her shoes were down at the heel. The disorder of the outward dress is a sure indication of that within; for neatness is one of the fruits of *wisdom*.

We must now look at the resident in the room below. And this was "Corny's widower," as M<sup>c</sup>Carty called her. She was many years older than Rosanna, and, we regret to say, her habits were worse; inasmuch as they had been longer growing, and their roots had struck deeper.

There was perfectly good fellowship between these unfortunate women. Catty Corny had the kind-hearted feelings of her nation. She had never forgotten her early obligations to M<sup>c</sup>Carty;

for she said, "He was jist the one that launched her darling husband overboard, when he was clane gone, and was n't he the one that got up the true Irish wake?" She repaid her obligations by her kindness to Rosanna. She became answerable for the rent of the two rooms, and, when Rosanna could not earn her fifty cents at the week's end, Catty, who was strong and able to wash, paid the whole. She was always willing Rosy's children should stay with hers, if the mother could get employment. So far she was a true friend.

In the same yard was another dwelling which aspired only ten feet above the ground. It had a cleaner and neater aspect than the one we have mentioned. This, too, was inhabited by an Irish woman and her children. What particularly distinguished it from the one on the opposite side of the yard was the cleanliness round the door. Corny's always



had a puddle of dirty water under the window, and another before the door, and this was easily accounted for ; for Rossanna emptied the water from her window, and Catty found it much easier to drag her tubs to the door and give them a push over, than to dip her dirty suds out by pailfuls, and carry it to the common sewer, as Dora M<sup>c</sup>Cree did, the occupant of the ten-foot building. The truth was, Dora loved order and neatness, and it was quite a trouble to her to see those puddles of dirty water always before her, filled with bricks and stepping-stones, which Catty said were "convenient, jist to save wetting their feet." The yard was nearly enclosed by buildings that fronted on other streets, and the only exit was by a narrow footpath.

All the three women were equally dependent on their own labor ; but Dora M<sup>c</sup>Cree might have been thought the worst off, as she had the largest number

of children, and the youngest were twins of two years old. She had not inhabited the ten-foot building long, and was considered unsociable by her neighbours, and always busy about nothing. Mrs. Corny said, "No wonder she could not find time for a little bit of chat; for she understood nothing at all of turning off work, and it seemed to her, that she scrubbed her floors for the pleasure of it." Catty might well say so, for she certainly had herself a surprising faculty of turning off work. She got through her washes in a very short time; but, as she did little more than throw her clothes into the tub, wring them out, and hang them on the fence to dry, it was often doubtful whether they looked better or worse for the washing. As for plates, spoons, and cups, she said, "It stood to reason, that it did no good to clane them, as they would get dirty again."

Dora M<sup>c</sup>Cree was a kind-hearted wo-

man, and wished to promote kind feelings; and, when she found that Mrs. Corny called her unsociable, she invited her and Rosy to pass an hour with her.

The invitation was cordially accepted by Corny's widow, who had never had a fair opportunity of finding out any thing about Dora's concerns. When she received it, she was putting her children to bed; but, in her impatience, she tumbled them into bed with their clothes on, as she often did; saying, "It saved a world of pains, as they were ready dressed in the morning." Then telling Rosanna to bring down her two, and they could all take care of each other, the mothers went to make their evening visit.

Catty was struck with Dora's neat little room. It strangely contrasted with the dirt and confusion of her own.

"Well! I declare," said she, as she looked round her, "you must spend a world of time tidying up; for my part, I can't find time to set things to rights."

"I think it is a saving of time," replied Dora, "to keep things in their right places."

"So it is, if people has their rooms to themselves; but you an't situated as I am," said she, lowering her voice; "what with my own darlings, and having Rosy and her children coming through when I least expect it, I am always in a sort of flurry."

Rosanna, if she heard the speech, had probably too much confidence in her friend's real kindness to take exception to it. She looked very pale, and Dora's kind heart was moved with pity towards her.

"Do let me take your cloak," said she; for, though it was an evening in July, both of the visiters wore their plaid cloaks.

"No, thank you," said Rosy, in a low voice, but faintly coloring.

"Rosanna is jist like me," said Catty,

who probably anticipated her turn ; “ she always likes to wear her cloak.”

It is not the nature of the warm-hearted Irish to be reserved. Though this was a first visit, Mrs. Corny soon gave the history of her coming from the old country ; of the death of her husband and two children ; of her heart-breaking sorrow ; of her loneliness, and how, when poor Rosanna’s husband died, she took her in, and put up with all the inconveniences of having her come through the trap-door, jist because she belonged to the old country. When she had finished her narrative, which lasted nearly an hour, she paused, expecting Mrs. M’Cree’s communication in return. But Dora did not seem inclined to make any.

“ I suppose you find the times hard enough,” said Catty, willing to help her to a beginning.

“ I never call it hard times,” replied

Mrs. M<sup>c</sup>Cree, "when my darlings are well, and I am able to lave them for a good day's work ; but, if any of them are sick, I must run behind hand."

"We poor widows," said Catty, wiping her eyes with the inside of her cloak, "is much to be pitied. I am sure, if it had not been for me, Rosy might have laid down in the street and died."

"It would have been better for me, if I had," said Rosanna, in a low voice.

"Now don't say so," said her friend, "'cause you know, dear, your darlings would have died too."

"It would have been better for them," said Rosanna.

"Now that is what I call wicked," said Mrs. Corny ; " she mopes and takes on in such a manner, that it is enough to wear out any body's patience, and all for the husband that is dead and cannot come to life again. Ah! Mrs. M<sup>c</sup>Cree, you and I know what it is to be left

alone with a family of children ; we can feel for poor Rosy," and again her cloak was applied to her eyes. Still Mrs. McCree did not seem inclined to return the confidence of her visiter ; but turning to Rosanna, she said, "You do not look very strong ; are you able to work?"

"I can work sometimes," replied she ; "but I don't find people willing to let me be running home every two or three hours, to see arter my poor children ; and what can I do ?"

"Now, I say that is unhandsome," said Mrs. Corny. "Have n't I told you, over and over again, you was welcome to shut them up with mine?"

"I did, you know," said Rosanna, "till ——" and she hesitated.

"O, yes," said Catty, "I know what you mane ; till Lizzy broke her collar-bone. Well, that was an accident that could not be helped, and she is getting over it now. I am sure, I was going to

give Jim a sound bating for pushing her over, and I should have done it, only he looked jist then so much like his own father, that is dead and gone, with jist such a cast in his eye, that I could not find the heart to do it."

"It would have done no good," said Rosanna; "she is n't getting over it; she never will;" added she, sobbing.

"Now don't take it so to heart, dear," said Mrs. Corny; "what if her head is a little bit on one side? That is a trifle. I am sure it is nothing to the scar, that poor Jim's got on his cheek. I never will forget when I came home and found him covered with blood. He had, some how or other, got hold of a knife that I by accident left on the table. Ah, the rogue! he's jist like his father that's dead, always getting into mischief. How dry it makes one to keep a talking; pray Mrs. McCree, have you a little drop of any thing to drink?"



Dora handed her a mug of water. Mrs. Corny wet her lips, but set it down, saying, she was afraid of cold water, that it never agreed with her. Rosanna seized it with eagerness, and drank a long draught. "I think I must go," said she, slowly rising, "Lizzy will want me."

"I think we both may as well go," said Mrs. Corny, with an expression that seemed to say, "for we shall get nothing here." "I hope, Mrs. M Cree," said she, for she valued herself on her good manners, "that you will return my visit very soon;" and she inwardly resolved to show her what Irish hospitality was.

When they returned to their own dwelling and Mrs. Corny found Rosanna was going up the steps, she good-naturedly stopped her. "Now jist set down with me, Rosy dear," said she. "The children are all sound asleep, and I am sure you must be a-dry as well

as I. As good luck will have it, I have a thimble-full for us both. You will feel all the better, dear, for a drop; you are jist so low-spirited to night. Come," said she, pouring some of the rum into a mug, and adding a little water to it, "take a swallow."

"No," said Rosy, "it does not do me good; it sets my brain on fire, and dries up my breath."

"Nonsense!" said the kind-hearted Mrs. Corny, "it will make you sleep sound."

"That is true," said Rosy; and she hastily swallowed the draught. At that moment she heard the cry of the child. "Oh!" said she, starting up, "that is poor Lizzy; she has got one of her spells of pain."

"Take her up a drop," said the kind friend; "nothing will quiet her so soon," and she prepared a second draught. Rosanna took it, went up the stairs, and

closed the trap-door after her. The agonized shrieks of poor Lizzy, and the low, soothing voice of the mother, were for some time audible, but they did not long disturb Corny's widow. The *thimble-full* was repeated till she lay asleep on the floor. At length the shrieks subsided into a low, wailing moan, the mother's voice could no longer be distinguished, the prescription had taken effect!

## CHAPTER II.

“ My God, who makes the sun to know  
His proper hour to rise,  
And, to give light to all below,  
Doth send him round the skies.”

THE sun arose clear the next morning, and its beams slanted into the little yard. They glanced first on Rosanna's window, but she lay asleep with her two children, one arm around the little sufferer, and Susan, the youngest, on the other side of her. Her cheeks were flushed and her respiration laborious, yet she still slept,—they all slept. How much of youth was there! and there too the unextinguishable spark of life, the immortal soul!

The sun, the glorious sun, the bright

image of its Maker, stayed not its course; it rose higher in the heavens and looked down upon Corny's apartment. There she too lay in her deep, deep sleep, stretched on the floor, the tin mug by her side. Jim had just awoke; he raised himself first on his elbow, and, looking round, his eye rested on his mother; there was nothing appalling in the sight to him, he was too much accustomed to it. Suddenly he sprung from the bed, seized the mug, and examined it; a portion of the liquor remained; he raised it to his lips, but, recollecting his little sisters, he went towards them and said, "Wake up, Mary and Betsey; look, mammy has left us some." Mary drank her share, but the sleepy little Betsey refused to rouse herself.

As the sun, commissioned by its Creator, shines on the evil and the good, and

"Never tires nor stops to rest,"

we must not be surprised, that its rays

were partially reflected by the dirty little pools before the house, while it pursued its kindly work in drying Conny's wash of the day before. By this time it had visited Dora's ten-foot building. It did not find her windows closed; she was up and dressed, though her children were still sleeping, and the fresh morning air of July was fanning the healthy and innocent faces of the slumberers. Dora was cutting slices of bread, and preparing their breakfast for them, against they awoke. On the table stood a little crucifix, and every time she approached it she made the sign of the cross. When her preparations were completed, she awoke the elder children, assisted them in dressing and washing, and gave them their breakfast. They were all hungry and ate what was allowed them, but followed, perforce, the excellent rule laid down by physicians, of leaving off with an appetite. When

they had ended their simple meal, Dora said, "Now, my jewels, you see the holy Jesus there before you." They all crossed themselves. "He was once a little child, as you are, and slept in his mother's arms; but he did not come upon earth to sleep; no, he came to do his Father's work."

"Does he see us, mother?" asked one of the children.

"To be sure he does," said Dora; "he is looking at you this moment."

Pat began to move his head this side and that.

"I think he don't much mind us now," said he. "I can't see his eyes move."

"Oh, Patrick!" said the mother, "you are but a child. The blessed Jesus is now in heaven; he sees us from there. He knows when we do wrong. I have told you how he came upon earth, and how wicked men crucified him, and

nailed him to the cross. Ah! you see it there."

"Yes, mother," said the children, "you have told us a great many times."

"Ah! my jewels, I cannot tell you the true story too often, and how he was born in a manger among cattle."

"Was n't he afraid they would hurt him?" said Patrick.

"Now, dear, don't talk so," said the mother; "but you are only a child, my darling. No; his mother took care of him; the blessed Virgin! Oh, my children, we will grow wiser and better when we talk about him and think of him, and remember that the holy Jesus sees you all the time; which I can't do, for I must go to my day's washing. Now, which of you will be the ones to watch over the darlings there, in the bed, the poor, helpless ones, that can't watch over themselves?"

"We will all be them," said the children.



“Patrick, my boy,” said Dora, “you must go to the ship-yard and pick up chips; but you must go in a decent, respectable manner; and, if any of the men are there, ask leave, so that they may see you’ve had some education; and, above all, Pat, don’t listen to any bad boys, nor say any naughty words.”

“Mother,” said Patrick, “Jim Corny says wicked words.”

“Then, my boy, you must not play with him,” replied Dora. “Don’t you know what the hymn says?”

‘My lips from evil speaking guard.’”

“Do, mother, sing us that hymn,” said little Nancy.

“Ah, well, my darlings, I will sing it to you. You are jist like other children; don’t they love to hear their mothers’ voices, even when they don’t understand all the words?”

The children gathered round her, and she sang the following hymn, which she

had learned in happier days, when her mind was unclouded and her memory bright.

DORA'S MORNING HYMN.

“ Again the morning sun dispels

The darkness of the night ;

Again reviving nature feels

The cheering beams of light.

“ Awake, my soul, and with the day,

Thy steadfast path pursue,

Let no vain thoughts around thee play ;

But *inward* fix thy view.

“ *First* pay thy vows to Him whose care,

Watched o'er thy midnight rest ;

And in sincere and ardent prayer

Be holy faith expressed.

“ “ Father of love ! thy goodness gave

The being I enjoy ;

O, then, from guilt, that being save,

And in thy praise employ.

“ “ Save me from idle discontent ;

Save me from vain desire ;

Save me from precious time misspent,  
And virtuous thoughts inspire.

“ ‘ O, cleanse my breast from selfish care,  
May *others'* wants be *mine*,  
And, while thy gracious gifts I share,  
A part *to them* resign.

“ ‘ My lips from evil speaking guard,  
Make me sincere and kind ;  
And from my breast each thought discard,  
Which *others'* ill designed.

“ ‘ O, make me humble, just, and pure,  
To lowly merit true ;  
When injured, patient to endure,  
Like Him who sorrow knew.

“ ‘ May the blest memory of that Friend,  
Who gave his life for ours,  
An influence o'er each thought extend,  
And sanctify my powers.

“ ‘ Father ! this day thy grace impart ;  
O, send thy Spirit down !  
May it confirm my wavering heart,  
And make *thy* will *my own*.’ ”

It was thus she prepared herself and her children for the duties of the day. Some people may smile at the idea of children's duties; but, as soon as they can understand right from wrong, the mother can teach them their duty; and, if they are yet too young to understand, she may guard them from vice, and place around them her vigilant care. Dora went to her day's washing with a light heart, for she committed her children to their Heavenly Father, to the blessed Jesus, and the holy saints. She tried every morning to make them acquainted with their duties; she provided their frugal food for them in a clean and wholesome manner, and, whenever it was possible, she looked in upon them at noon, to see that all went on well. Yet Dora had her troubles; one was, that her children were growing up without learning. It was her great desire to send Patrick and his eldest sister to school; but, she

said, "it was hard enough to earn her house-rent; and who would take care of the twins, that were just beginning to tott-  
tle about? and their meals they must all have, for nobody had learning enough to live without eating."

So Dora went on, from day to day, scarcely hoping for any thing better. There were lines of deep care on her face, and she often sighed bitterly. Sometimes she would burst into a flood of tears, and wring her hands, but this was in the calm, still evening, or in the silent watches of the night, when her children were asleep; for Dora said, "they would have trouble enough of their own, and she was not the one to lay her burdens on another."

Let us now go back to the other dwelling, where we left the two mothers buried in deep sleep. Sleep is often said to be the image of death; the eyes are closed, the whole form is inactive, and

the person unconscious of what is passing. But this is not the only resemblance. The sleeper must awake either in this world or the other. We have heard of the intoxicating draught ending in the sleep of death. O, what a fearful awakening must follow !

Rosanna awoke to the consciousness of suffering, with an aching head and disordered system. Lizzy, too, had begun to complain, and Susan to beg for her breakfast ; “Do, mammy, give me something to eat.”

“Where will I find it ?” said Rosanna, and she looked on a shelf, and opened a cupboard, merely to escape for a moment from the child’s importunity. “You had the last piece of bread for your supper,” said she, with a despairing accent. “Oh, what will become of us ?” added she, wringing her hands.

The children seemed moved by the intensity of her emotions, and clung to her.

"Don't cry, mammy," said Susan; "I am not very hungry now. I don't want any breakfast."

"I am not so sick as I was just now," said Lizzy, trying to suppress her tears, while her countenance was distorted with pain.

"I will go and beg for you my darlings," said Rosanna; "I will crawl to the doors of the rich, and ask them to take pity on us, for we are starving."

"Starve you shan't, while I have a bit," said Catty, raising the trap-door, and putting through it a handful of cold potatoes. "Just take that to stay your stomachs."

Rosy thankfully took the gift, but with the painful feeling that she was robbing her kind friend.

"Lizzy, dear," said Rosanna, "do you think you can be asy to let me go out a while?"

"I don't think I can be asy," said the little sufferer, "but you can go, mammy."

Rosanna put on her plaid cloak. As she passed through Mrs. Corny's apartment, she said; "You will take a look now and then at the helpless ones?"

"Sure I will," said Mrs. Corny; "but where are you going?"

"To beg," said Rosanna, turning towards her a face of woe; "and if I can't get bread for them, it is not their own mother that's the one to see her children starve; better may I lay down and die."

"O! now, honey," said Catty, "don't be talking in that way. There's one that'll never see you starve, and that's Catty Corny, who will always be a true friend to you."

Alas! poor woman, how could she be faithful to Rosanna, when she was so faithless to herself? Could she be ignorant that she was treading the downward



path to destruction, and leading her young friend with her?—her own children too, those little beings that God had intrusted to her care? No! she was not ignorant; there were times when her conscience spoke loudly, and she resolved to take the intoxicating draught no more; but she could not resist, and still her steps wandered to the little grog-shop, which was ready to accommodate her with a quantity proportioned to her means.

It had become quite a merit in her mind to furnish it to Rosanna, who was too willing to receive it, and who, she said, “had no money to buy any thing comforting, and it was the only thing that seemed to ase poor Lizzy.”

Thus they went on from day to day. Had Mrs. Corny exerted half of her intended kindness and generosity in assisting Rosanna to form industrious and temperate habits, she would have been

a true friend ; but the poor, misguided woman was now her worst enemy. Dora M<sup>c</sup>Cree had but little communication with her neighbours. Though Catty fully intended to invite her to a "trate," and show her what Irish hospitality was, she had some misgivings about her dirty apartment, and said she must wait till she "found time to mop up the floor, and to tidy the room." But for this rare piece of cleanliness there was never an opportunity.

The little Cornys were dexterous at begging ; and Susan, too, was furnished with a bag, and went from door to door, asking for *cold victuals*. Sometimes Rosanna got a *job*, such as half a day's wash, or scouring floors, and was able to pay her week's rent. It was a miserable life, however, that she led, with all Catty's kindness, and the occasional aid that Mrs. M<sup>c</sup>Cree and other neighbours afforded her.

Once she thought of imploring charity from the lady, with whom she had lived when she first came to the country ; but a sense of shame prevented her. She remembered the place she had held in the family, and how kindly she was treated ; and now to go as a beggar, she said she could not do it. It was not of poverty that she was ashamed ; for she knew, that honest poverty had often been aided by the lady ; but she was conscious of her altered appearance, which too plainly indicated her intemperate habits. Catty offered to go and tell Rosanna's story, and ask assistance ; but Rosanna declined the offer. There was more of refinement left in her manner of thinking and feeling, than might have been expected from her unhappy situation. She sometimes thought she might do better, if she could find another residence. Jim Corny was a great trial both to her and her children. She dared

not leave Lizzy with him, for it was one of his amusements to torment her; not from absolute cruelty, but because the poor little sufferer was easily terrified or made angry, and it was an excellent joke with him, to tell her the house was on fire, or the constable coming after her to put her in jail, when she could only scream without being able to move. Perhaps his compassionate feelings might have been touched, had any one represented to him, that this was real suffering to the little girl, and adding an additional weight to that calamity of which he had been the cause.

But Mrs. Corny's mode of education was not the best suited to produce reform. She considered all Jim's "little innocent tricks" as much an inheritance from his father, as the "cast of his eye"; and though she sometimes attempted to chastise him, she generally gave up the point, for she said, "he was not the one to stand still to be bate."

Often Jim was sent to the shop to get *the bottle* filled, and was rewarded with the thimble-fulls that his mother left in the mug, generally enough to excite his mischievous and quarrelsome propensities, and bring out the perverse and evil passions of his nature. Every way it was a hard case for Rosanna. Mrs. Corny was the only friend she had in the wide world, and she would never see her starve. She had lost her self-confidence, her self-respect, and she lived on in a hopeless state of degradation, scarcely daring to leave her children even when she felt able, or had the opportunity to work. Susan had become dexterous in begging; and, though but little encouragement is at present given to beggars, her uncommon beauty and her destitute appearance often filled her bag. She one day met a lady as she was going towards her house. The lady stopped, and inquired of the child if she

had any parents. Susan had got her story by heart, for she had told it many times; — how her mother was a widow, and her father dead, and her sister Lizzy had broken her collar-bone, and her mother could not leave her to go out to work. There was something in the child's countenance that deeply interested the lady. "I will go home with you," said she, "if you will show me the way." Susan readily assented, and ran on before, sometimes stopping to pick up one of her shoes, sometimes the other, which she could with difficulty keep on. The lady asked her if she would like to go to school.

"I should not care about it," said the child; "no, I don't want to."

"And why not?"

"'Cause they bate 'em, don't they?"

"O no," said Mrs. Jones, laughing; "they are kind and good to them, and teach them to read."

“Then I should like to go, if mammy, and Lizzy, and all the Cornys can go, but Jim.”

“We will see about it,” said the lady; “but why must not Jim go?”

“’Cause he is such a bad boy, and is always a plaguing us, and mammy says he says wicked words.”

“That is the very reason why he should go to school, that he may grow better. Is Jim younger than you?”

“No,” said Susan; — “why, don’t you know Jim? he is a’most a man. Mammy says he is seven years old, and he ought to know better.”

“But how can he know better, if he is not taught. Perhaps, if he went to school, and was taught what is right, he might grow a good boy.”

“Well, he may go,” said Susan.

When they arrived at Mrs. Corny’s dwelling, Mrs. Jones felt some repugnance at crossing the dirty puddle; but

she resolved not to do her work by halves, and resolutely entered.

At the door stood a tub of dirty clothes, half covered with muddy water. Under a table, against the wall, was thrown another heap of dirty clothes, in the midst of which lay imbedded an enormous head of cabbage, and by the side of it a broken band-box. The bed, in one corner, looked as if it had seldom been put in order, and it was evident that Catty's cloak was the coverlet by night. In a small closet, the door of which was open, was piled a quantity of what is called *cold victuals*, which had been emptied from the bags of the children, when they returned from their begging expeditions. The floor, as may easily be supposed, required a shovel, rather than a brush, to clean it. On one side of the black and dirty fireplace was a pile of chips, potatoe-skins, and fish-bones. Catty was preparing her dinner, and throwing potatoes into a pot to boil.



On a chair near her, the only whole one, lay some slices of pork.

It was with difficulty the visiter could conceal her disgust, but she accosted Catty with gentleness.

"Why, sure," said the astonished woman, "the lady is kind to visit us; if I had a known you was coming, I would have *tidied* the room; but we poor folks must get along as we can, and we have n't any time to clane." Catty was too civil to let the lady stand, and she cleared the chair of the pork, sweeping it into one hand with the other.

"My errand," said Mrs. Jones, "is to offer to take this little girl to the infant school."

"Pray be seated, ma'am," said Mrs. Corny, urging the chair upon her.

Mrs. Jones wholly declined this courtesy, and again spoke of her object in coming.

"It is Rosanna's child," said Catty; "she lives up the stairs there."

“Shall I go up?” said Mrs. Jones.

“O no, ma’am; it is a poor place for such a lady as you,” said Mrs. Corny, looking round her own room with complacency.

“I should prefer seeing the mother in her room,” replied Mrs. Jones.

“As the lady plases,” said Catty, who, to do her justice, had a great deal of the Irish civility.

Mrs. Jones went up the steps, Catty preceding her, and raising the trap-door with her head. Mrs. Jones passed through it, and, begging Mrs. Corny not to wait, closed it and went forward. On a miserable bed lay the emaciated form of little Lizzy, now a cripple, and unable to walk. In her countenance there was that sad expression of maturity, which suffering gives even to infants, — the pale and hollow cheeks and fixed eye. Rosanna sat listlessly on the side of the bed. She raised her eyes for a moment towards her visiter; their

expression was full of despair. Mrs. Jones repeated her offer of the infant school for Susan, and inquired into Lizzy's situation. Rosanna answered in a hoarse, low voice, thanked her for her kindness, and said, "when she could spare Susan, she should be glad to have her go." Mrs. Jones would have given her money; but the bottle and tin mug stood on the table, and she was convinced, that it would be no kindness. "I should be glad," said she, "to assist you, if I knew the best way. It may possibly occur to my mind; in the mean time, I hope you will send Susan to school."

Finding Rosanna did not incline to converse, she left her, and was obliged again to pass through Catty's room. To her she made the same kind offer of the infant school, which she received with a profusion of thanks, saying, that "she always wished her children to have an education, but never got time to give

them one herself." Mrs. Jones mentioned, that if she would like to send her son, they would be willing to take him, and, if he behaved well, would fit him for one of the primary schools. Mrs. Corny said, "Jim was a varry good boy, only a little bit of a rogue, which he came honestly to, for his father was, before him; but I assure you, ma'am," said she, "though he can't jist say his letters and all that, he knows every thing else."

Mrs. Jones then inquired, if there were any more children in the yard, and was directed to Mrs. M'Cree's ten-foot building.

She crossed the threshold without any feeling of hope, and with the expectation of witnessing another spectacle of dirt and misery. It happened to be one of Dora's home days, and she had a basket of the children's clothes that she was patching. The floor was clean, the

furniture in its place, and all looked like respectable poverty.

Dora expressed her sense of Mrs. Jones's kindness, in her offer of a school for her children. She said it would be a great relief to her; though that was not what she most thought of, for it had been a trouble to her, that her darlings were growing up without schooling.

"Indeed, ma'am," said she, "nobody can tell, that has n't tried, how hard it is for us to get along, with our rent to pay, and our helpless ones to clothe and feed, and only such work as we can get to do; and then, folks does n't like us to keep a-running home to see that our children 's out of fire and water. I am sure, many and many 's the time, that my heart is in my mouth, when I comes near home, lest I should find 'em maimed or burnt."

Mrs. Jones felt, how the evils of poverty are lightened by cleanliness and a thankful heart; and, as she observed that

Pat's toes were looking out of his shoes, she gave to Dora (what she had not dared to do to Rosanna, though apparently needing it more,) money to get him a new pair, to go to the infant school.

Hardly had Mrs. Jones left Catty, when she hastened up to hear what had passed at the interview ; for, though she had tucked her cap behind her ears and made the children keep perfectly still, she had not gathered the slightest information.

She found Rosanna with her two arms on the bed, and her face hid in them. "Speak to mother, aunty," said Lizzy ; she will not tell me what for she is crying."

The sobs of the mother were audible. To the inquiries of Catty, at first, she paid no attention ; but, suddenly raising her head, she said, "It is she herself, her own self!"

"Who?" asked Mrs. Corny.

"The lady I first lived with, when I was a young and happy creature."

"O that 's the luck, is it?" said Catty; well, what is she going to do for you?"

"Nothing," said Rosanna; "I knew her, but she did not know me."

"Why did n't you tell her, honey, and that these were your own swate children?"

"Not for a thousand worlds!" replied Rosanna, with a fresh burst of tears. Oh, Catty, that I should be the one that 's here; I, who was so proud when I was under her protection."

"And may be you 'll be agin; don't be cast down, Rosy."

"The time is clane gone," said Rosanna, "when I could look the swate lady in the face, with an eye as bright as her own."

"Is there any thing in the bottle, Rosy?" said Catty, taking it and holding it to the light."

"You are welcome to it all," said Rosanna. "I wish I never had swallowed a drop."

"Ye think so now, dear, 'cause you an't a-dry. Well, Lizzy will like a thimble-full."

The poor child raised herself on her elbow, seized the cup, and put it to her parched lips.

"O, Lizzy, child, it is bad for you," said the mother; "that doctor that came yesterday to cure you, said you must not drink it."

"What for did you first give it to me?" said the child reproachfully, "and what for do you drink it yourself? It is good, mammy; more, I want more!" and she began to cry, and held out her hand.

"Let her have it," said Catty; "them doctors don't know every thing; it's what nature requires."

"I promised the doctor," said Rosanna, holding back the cup, which Lizzy still passionately struggled for.



“What of that?” said Catty; “suppose you had promised to murder the swate child, would you do it for all that?”

Rosanna relinquished the cup; whether convinced by Catty’s argument, or overcome by the importunity of the child; at any rate it was the last effort for reform, and Lizzy no longer begged in vain.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE INFANT SCHOOL.

“But chiefly be the labor ours  
To shade the early plant;  
To guard from ignorance and guilt  
The infancy of want;  
To graft the virtues, ere the bud  
The canker-worm has gnawed;  
And teach the rescued child to lisp  
Its gratitude to God.”

MRS. M<sup>c</sup>CREE had offered to take Susan and the Cornys, with her own children; and the little troop stopped at her door. Dora saw at once, that their mothers had forgotten to wash their hands and faces, which Mrs. Jones had particularly desired might be done. She therefore performed this office for them, and they then proceeded to the school. The

teacher and her assistant came forward to receive them, with winning kindness. It gave the teacher pleasure to see that their faces and hands had been washed; and, though Susan's clothes, and the Cornys' also, were somewhat tattered, had they been clean, she would have felt quite satisfied. In this respect they were like too many of the other children.

Great compassion should be felt for the mothers, when they tell you the children's clothes cannot be washed, because they have no other suit. But in summer it might be safe to let them go with a very slight covering till that work is accomplished, which would take but a short time; and the long evenings of winter would give ample opportunity after the children are in bed. Do not those affectionate mothers, who tell us, "they would lay down their lives for their darlings, and who look with such delight on the swate faces of their children," like better

to see them clean than dirty? And would it not be a satisfaction to them sometimes to put on clean clothes in the morning, which would contribute so much to the comfort and health of their little ones? Though water and towels are provided at the school, and the poor neglected ones washed, this might be done more thoroughly at home, before they put on their clothes. There is no one but must feel sympathy with the poverty and hardships with which the Irish have to struggle; but, the more deeply we sympathize with them, the more earnestly would we recommend every method that may lighten their burdens.

The children were arranged according to their ages, on seats one above another; the oldest back, and the youngest on the front benches, giving a fair opportunity of inspecting the whole. When they were in their places the instruc-

tion began. The children were taught to close their eyes, while they repeated after Miss —, the teacher, a short and comprehensive prayer. To Dora's children this was not a new exercise. They had been taught by their mother, that it was their Father in heaven they were addressing; that he heard and listened to their prayers, when she knelt with them, morning and evening. They found no difficulty in keeping their eyes closed, and their hands clasped, as they reverentially followed the teacher. With the Cornys, and we are sorry to say with Susan, it was a new exercise; they found it difficult to keep their eyes shut. The teacher was too judicious to notice with harshness *ignorant offenders*. It was her object to make them understand, that they were praying to their Friend and Father, and to make them comprehend how kind and good he is; and this required time. Yet it was mel-

ancholy to see the oldest scholar (as Jim was) apparently the most ignorant. Then came the letters, printed so large that all could see them, and so on, till words were exhibited. The children all seemed interested, and Susan, who was a bright little girl, was very soon able to call out several letters.

At eleven o'clock the scholars were allowed a recess ; some provident mothers had furnished their children with a piece of bread, an apple, or whatever else was convenient. However hungry might be those who were not thus provided, it was pleasant to see that no evil passions were excited ; it is true they looked wishfully at the others, and sometimes begged for a bite, particularly of the apple, which went the round of five or six children. Those who had nothing to eat, made up for it by play. In a short time the children were again collected till the hour of dismissal.

It is a modern improvement to teach children their letters at eighteen months and two years old ; and, were it a hard exercise for them to learn, there would be but little use in it. But where it becomes a pleasure and amusement for them to go on with the older ones, and they acquire the rudiments of reading without labor, it is surely a gain. *Learning*, however, is not the object of an infant school ; it is to have an asylum for the children while their mothers are at their day labor, or, in many instances, to save them from the melancholy consequences of neglect and bad example. It is desirable to pause for a moment, and think what a number of children there are, whose parents are foreigners, in our city. They will grow up and mingle with Americans, and become a large part of our community. Ought not every measure to be encouraged and aided, that may give them industrious

and temperate habits? Is it not an object to take them from the streets, collect them in a comfortable apartment, and place them under the care of a judicious person during the day? They can scarcely fail of getting some good from such influences. What though they must return to the abodes of wretchedness and poverty at night? is it nothing to redeem so many hours from vicious example, often from a neglect and exposure, that make them cripples, and consequently paupers, for life? Five hundred dollars a year will support an infant school of a hundred children, and fit them for the primary schools, where they may be sent as soon as they are qualified. This is not all; it has been found, in many cases, that the children have produced an influence on their parents. The temperance lectures that they hear at school are artlessly repeated, at home; and the parents, in more instances than one, have listened



to the wisdom "of babes and sucklings," when their pride would have been roused by a more direct appeal.

That this influx of Irish must have a good or bad influence, is certain. Those who come here generally bring with them the habits they have formed in the old country ; and it is principally to the young we can look for any change. Is it not a subject worthy of the consideration of wise heads, whether the evil, which now actually exists, and which wears so threatening an aspect for the future, may not be, in some measure, arrested in its progress ? Setting aside the moral influence that might be exerted, for their own sakes, on these unfortunate beings, does it not become an object of self-preservation, to endeavour to remove the evil ? As doing something towards it, the Infant School has been established, and it cannot be doubted by those who will take the trouble to look into its operation, and

visit the parents in their own abodes, that its success is what was reasonably expected.

Objections have been made to infant schools, as debarring children from the early freedom and exercise which nature designed for them. They certainly are not intended for those who are born to benign and blessed influences, who have wise and judicious parents to guard them from evil; but they are nurseries for those who have none to take proper care of them, asylums for those who are turned into the street during the day, or locked up in wretched apartments, while their mother is earning their daily bread. They are schools of moral instruction for those, who are never taught at home, that theft, profaneness, and intemperance are vices; and religious sanctuaries for those, who never hear elsewhere the names of God and Jesus Christ.

Let us unite with the temperate, the honest, the respectable Irish who dwell in our city, in aiding their countrymen. Few who have intercourse with this class, but will feel how much there is of worth in their characters, and how much good they may do by counsel and example. The Rev. Mr. Taylor, who dwelt in this city several years, and who trod in the steps of the excellent Bishop Cheverus with the same fidelity and zeal in good works, uniting in himself the *catholicism* of a Christian and a love of the human race, gave this testimony to his countrymen; "The virtues of the Irish are their own; their vices are the melancholy effects of circumstances."

To return; the children came home pleased with the morning; and both Dora and Catty seemed to have gained new impulses from the notice their children had received. The latter con-

tinually remarked, that "education was what she had always been wanting for them, and now they had got it." Dora felt more rationally the good effects that might be derived from having them in safe keeping, while she was able to pursue her work; and, as poor little Lizzy could not be left alone, she formed a very natural plan, that she or Rosanna should take care of the invalid and the twins at the same time, and leave the other mother at liberty to go out to a day's work. All Mrs. Corny's children were old enough for the school, and Jim had even passed the usual age of admittance, and was received only till he could be qualified for one of the primary schools.

Two or three weeks after the children began to go to school, Dora went one morning into Rosanna's loft. She had not seen her for several days, and was struck with the change in her appear-

ance. Lizzy, as usual, was lying on the bed, and her mother by her side; but there was an expression of despair in Rosy's countenance, mixed with a hardy indifference. She knew that Catty's influence was bad, and she determined if possible to rouse Rosanna, to effect a change in her situation, and get her a room separate from Mrs. McCorny.

"I have been thinking, dear," she began, "about you and the sick one there, whether we could n't contrive to do better for her. There she lays, from morn to night, and never sees the blessed light of the sun, nor the green trees, nor the waves that are dashing up on the sides of the wharves, nor the white sails that come far over the waters. Them are blessed sights, Rosy, they would do her good. How hot her forehead is!" said she, laying her hand upon it.

"Don't talk about them sights," said

Rosanna; "I never want to see 'em again. I never want to see the sun, — I never want to see any thing that I used to see when I was young; and when I think of Ballynascrew, my breath stops;" and she began a low wail, in which the sick child joined.

"And what is the reason for all that?" said Dora, compassionately. "You are but young yet, yourself; and if you would but rouse up, you'd get many a good day's work, and a better home than this."

"As how?" said Rosanna, sitting up on the bed.

"Oh, Rosy, there it is; ye must not touch the whisky, nor the rum."

Rosanna threw herself back.

"Don't ye know, dear," continued Dora, "you cannot work with the creature in your head? Now jist try a little bit without it."

"That is n't it," said Rosanna.

“Then what is it?”

“It is two days,” replied she, rising, “that I have been going to do jobs at the Boar’s Head Tavern, where I ’ll get half a dollar for my work ; but what will I do with the helpless one ?”

“If you do not work and earn money, what will become of her and Susan ?” said Dora. “Catty is getting tired.”

“I know it ; she told me as much,” replied Rosanna. Then, passionately striking her hands together, “I’ll tell ye what ’ll be the end of it. I will die.”

“Ah ! Rosy,” said Dora, “after death comes the judgment. We can’t lay down and die, and think it’s all over ; if we could, many ’s the time when I ’d ha’ been glad to. But morning will come, and we must wake again ; and then we must give an account. Ah, if it was nothing but to die, that would be easy enough, when the poor heart is bursting with grief, and nobody near to say a

word of comfort, and everybody reviling you, and only God to know of your innocence."

Unable to command her emotion, Dora's tears flowed fast.

"You an't that one," said Rosanna, roused to something like interest.

"But I am, though," said Dora.

For a moment she was silent.

"I did not come to talk about myself," she resumed. "I came to take Lizzy, with your lave. It is my home day, and the children are all at school; and I gave them their dinner, and told them to keep Susan with them; and so, if you like, I will take Lizzy, and keep her to-day in my own room, and you may have the job at the Boar's Head Tavern. Lizzy, dear," said she kindly, "will you go with aunty Dora, and spend the livelong day with the darling twins. It will do your heart good to see their swate, smiling faces."



The little sufferer seemed pleased with the proposal. The idea of change is generally welcome to the sick. There is a restlessness in disease, that is constantly looking forward to change for alleviation.

“I will like to go, mammy,” said she; “aunty Dora won’t let Jim be plaguing me.”

The mother at first seemed unwilling to accept the offer; but, when Dora said, “Ye will feel better, Rosy, when Saturday night comes, if ye can pay Catty a trifle,” Rosanna ceased to resist, and Mrs. M<sup>c</sup>Cree, taking the child in her arms, conveyed her to her own neat room. She there placed her on the bed, and supported her comfortably by pillows, a luxury that she had not before known. She breathed a purer and healthier air; and Dora, who was really a good nurse, supplied her with pleasant and cooling drinks. The gambols and innocent sports

of the twins amused and interested her ; and she said two or three times, "Tell mammy Lizzy be's better."

As soon as Dora had gone, Rosanna put on her cloak to go for the work she had been promised ; but she still loitered away the time. She had debility, as well as habit, to struggle against. At length she heard Mrs. Corny in her room, and this seemed to give her a slight impulse. With languid step she descended. It was about eleven o'clock. Catty had run home, not to look after her children, for they were at school, but to satisfy the craving want generated by habitual intemperance. Of late, she had not been quite so patient with Rosanna as formerly. The reflection often crossed her mind, that there was no reason why she should half support her, when she had her own darlings to labor for ; but, generally, her Irish good-

nature and generosity got the better of these misgivings, and she remembered that poor Lizzy's accident, which had so sadly distressed the mother, "jist come of Jim's roguery; mischievous darling as he was, and as like his father as one pea was like another;" and she forgot her causes of vexation with Rosanna. She had the tin pint at her lips, as Rosy entered.

"Sit down, awhile, dear," said she; "I've got a swallow left for you."

Rosanna made a motion with her hand to reject it.

"I am going out to earn a trifle," said she, "to pay my rent; for it goes to my heart, that you should have to board me for nothing."

"Don't think of that, now, dear," said Catty, "but jist take a drop; you look tired, and it will do ye good of a raw morning." (It happened to be one of the dog-days of August.)

Thus urged, Rosanna put the mug to her lips, and drank it all. She would have done the same had it been water; for there was a constant thirst and fever upon her. She then set it down, and rose to go; but Catty said, "Stop a bit; I want jist to have a talk about the school. Does your Susan like to go?"

"I believe so," said Rosanna listlessly; "I never asked her."

"Well, my Jim don't; they plague the darling about getting lessons; he won't go much longer, I can tell 'em, if they don't take care; he is jist like his father, and they might know it well enough; he an't the one to stand still and be abused; if they only coaxed him, he 'd do any thing. Now they comes complaining to me — If there he an't, now!"

At that moment Jim came sideling in, looking somewhat ashamed.

"What are you home here for?" said

Catty, catching up a piece of wood, in a threatening attitude.

Jim evidently did not fear a blow ; he knew his mother's good-nature too well ; but he said in a sullen manner, " I thought, may be you wanted me to go an errand."

" The darling," said Catty ; " that is jist like him. Well, Jim, my boy, the bottle is empty, and ye may get it filled."

The boy took the bottle, and went to do the errand, sure of the reward when he returned.

Again Rosanna made a motion to go.

" Now jist wait a bit," said Catty ; " ye 'll want a sip when he comes back. But who is with Lizzy ? I don't hear her."

" No," said Rosanna ; " Mrs. M<sup>c</sup>Cree took her home, and is going to keep her all day, so that I may earn a little money."

" The kind soul !" said Catty. " How Jim stays !"

"He has but jist gone," said Rosanna; "I can't wait; it is growing late; the sunny spot is on the fence."

Still, however, she made no movement. At length Jim returned with the bottle.

"Now, dear," said his mother, "go back to school."

"What for will I go?" said he doggedly, looking at the bottle.

Mrs. Corny mixed the draught, which he swallowed.

"Now, you'll go, dear, won't you?" said Catty.

The boy assented, and returned to the school.

Again and again the cup was filled and drained, before Rosanna mustered resolution to move.

"*I must go,*" said Catty, "for I left my work at sixes and sevens; but where are *you* going, Rosy?"

"I believe to the Boar's Head Tavern,"

said she; "I wish it was to my grave. I am tired, so tired, I want to lay down and rest."

"You may lay down on my bed," said Catty.

"Will I never wake again?" exclaimed Rosanna, wildly.

"O yes! arter a good nap," replied Catty.

"If I could go to sleep and never, never wake, it would be something," said Rosanna; "but Dora M<sup>c</sup>Cree says you *do* wake in another world, if you don't in *this*."

"How does *she* know?" said Catty; "but don't always be a-talking such melancholy things."

Rosanna turned full upon her. Probably she felt the rum operating upon her brain. "Catty," said she, "you have been a kind friend to me; I thank you. Dora M<sup>c</sup>Cree too has been a kind friend. Tell her to keep poor Lizzy till I come

back ; and tell her," added she, with a wild, idiot-like laugh, "to be sure and not let *you* have Susan."

With a tottering step she passed out of the door, and, as she went by Dora's window, paused, for she heard the innocent voice of Lizzy, cheerfully talking to the twins. She wished to go in, but a sense of shame that she had loitered away so much time, and, perhaps, some consciousness of her half-intoxicated situation, prevented her. She stopped for a moment, clasped her hands in agony, and rushed through the narrow passage.

"I declare," said Catty, who slowly followed her, "she seems to have gone clane mad."

Rosanna hastened on, the job at the Boar's Head Tavern still in her mind. It was in the vicinity of Broad Street. When she arrived at the house, they told her she was in no state to work, and advised her to go home and go to sleep.



They knew her, and felt that vague kind of compassion, which one so young, so frail in her figure, and preserving yet something of the beauty of early innocence, naturally excited. But it was a compassion that roused to no exertion. They saw her stagger from the door, and forgot that she was a human being. By this time, her mind was wholly confused. She stood for a moment doubtful. "Where will I go?" said she. "To sleep? Yes! They all say, *Go to sleep.*" She wandered on, supporting herself by the fences. Finally, she came to a wharf. The sea air seemed to invigorate her for a moment, and she walked with a steadier step. Suddenly a faint shriek reached her ear. "It is Lizzy!" she exclaimed. "She calls me. Where am I?" The shriek grew louder, and many hoarse voices mingled with it. It was a Broad Street riot! Rosanna tried to turn aside, but her senses were bewil-

dered. Her last idea was to reach the end of the wharf, and to plunge into the water!

In a short time, the riot was quelled by the city authorities that assembled, and all remained as before, except Rosanna. She was nowhere to be seen!

## CHAPTER IV.

“There is a death, whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath;  
O what appalling horrors hang  
Around the ‘second death’!”

WHEN the children returned from school, Dora took Susan with Lizzy, who had begun to inquire for her mother, though she had not once asked for the quieting medicine which Mrs. Corny so constantly recommended. As it grew night, however, her uneasiness increased. “What for does n’t she come?” she perpetually exclaimed. “I want to go home! I want to be with my mammy!”

“Do you feel sick, dear?” said Dora tenderly.

"Yes," replied the little girl; "when mammy takes me in her arms, I do not feel sick all over as I do now;" and she began to cry.

"She will soon be here," said Dora, "and then you shall go home with her." The children, too, tried to comfort her. Still, however, hour after hour passed, and Rosanna did not appear. The long twilight of summer was vanishing in darkness. Catty returned from her day's work, as usual, with her faculties benumbed by intemperance. But she was a veteran in the cause, and could drink an uncommon quantity. When she found Rosanna's room vacant, she was surprised, and recollected that she had told her, Dora had taken Lizzy for the day.

She immediately went to Mrs. M'Cree's to make inquiry, and found she was not there. "Never mind," said she; "may be she's fallen asleep somewhere. Poor

soul! how she'll take on, when she wakes up, and misses her darlings; but it is no great harm done, she can easily find her way home."

"Did you ever know her to do so?" asked Dora.

"Never," said Catty; "but I've known myself to, after a hard day's work; and it was jist upon the morn, afore I found my way home to the swate darlings. Hark! it is striking eleven; she'll be home soon. I am sure, I can't keep my eyes open any longer, so I'll jist take the little ones home, and put 'em with mine."

Dora, however, refused to take them up. She said, "Lizzy was dozing, and seemed easier, and Susan was sound asleep. In the morning she would give them to their mother."

Dora passed a sad night. If she lost herself in sleep for a few moments, it was to dream of Rosanna. Sometimes

she saw her stretched lifeless before her. Then, again, she heard the dreadful sentence pronounced; "Depart from me, ye cursed." More than once, she saw her enclosed in the stone walls of the State Prison; she heard the condemnation, "*for life.*" She saw her agonized parting with her children; the iron doors were closing on her for ever, and a voice from the centre of the earth, deep and hollow, sounded in her ears, "Behold the reward of drunkenness!" Then again her husband was with Rosanna, — he to whom her hand and heart were early plighted. She heard her own name called, she could not mistake the voice, — it was too familiar to her ear; "Dora! Dora!" Rosanna was wandering with him in the green valleys of the Emerald Isle; her arm was entwined in his. She approached near and felt his breath warm on her cheek; she started and awoke!

It was a tribute to Rosanna's amiable disposition and natural gifts, that she attached all around her. Dora had felt a warm interest in her welfare, from the time she had first known her. Catty had loved her, as if she had been her own child. But these were obscure and helpless women. They could do but little to aid her. One had been plunging her into an abyss of misery, by example and precept; and Dora felt, that perhaps she might have done more to save her from ruin.

"I have dreamt a dreadful dream," thought she, as she roused up. "Thank God, it was but a dream! I'll not try to sleep again;" and she wiped the cold dew from her forehead, arose and dressed herself, and leaned over her children. "Ah! sleep on, my darlings," said she; "never may you know such sleep as mine!"

"Mammy! rum! give me rum!"

murmured Lizzy. Dora put a cooling draught to her lips, and the child swallowed it without seeming to awake. Alas! to this innocent one, for many, many nights, such poison as she called for had been administered, and she had taken it, all unconscious of crime. Oh, how light is the sin, which destroys the body, compared to that which kills the soul.

When morning dawned, Dora awoke Catty. No news had been heard of Rosanna, and Mrs. Corny set off to make inquiries at the Boar's Head Tavern. The people there could tell but little. "Rosanna had come," they said, "to work, but she was in a state of intoxication, and they had advised her to go home and sleep it off. Where she went, they knew not." One little boy said, "he saw her going down on *that wharf*." Catty immediately took his direction, and went to look for her, fully



believing, that she might still be sleeping in some retired spot, sheltered by boards or piles of wood. Her search was fruitless. She went quite to the end of the wharf, and looked down upon the water. An indistinct idea crossed her mind, that Rosanna had drowned herself. She remembered her parting message to Dora; "Tell her to keep Lizzy till I come back."

"Ah! sure, and it is so," said she; "ogh wirrastreu! ogh wirrastreu!"

Again she leaned over and looked into the water, as if expecting to see the floating corpse of her friend. How pure and beautiful was that mirror, reflecting the heavens above! A gentle breeze stole over the waters. Charlestown, with its spires and monument; East Boston, with its hotel, villas, and cottages; Fort Strong and Fort Independence, with the countless islands of the far-spreading bay, met the eye; and, included in the

panorama rose the noble buildings at South Boston, splendid abodes of human misery !

All this Catty heeded not ; she turned recklessly away ; but suddenly a far different sight attracted her attention. It was a small shoe, that lay near the edge of the wharf, worn down at the heel, and evidently had only been kept on the foot by a red string. She turned pale ; it was Rosanna's shoe. She could have sworn to it among a hundred ; *there* was the red string she had seen her fasten to the shoe. It was some time before she was able to move. This she considered demonstration ; "Rosy had drowned herself !" With the shoe in her hand, she returned to Dora's dwelling, to tell the melancholy tale. The children, who were sleeping in the other room, had not yet awoke ; and Dora tried to silence Catty's exclamations of grief. "She did not think

it was a proof, that she had drowned herself; for why should she take off her shoe? Besides, the string was broken;—she might have lost it, or it might not be hers. She did not think it was,” she said; “it was too small for a grown woman’s shoe.” But Catty protested, that “Rosy’s foot was no bigger than an infant’s.” The voice of Lizzy summoned Dora to her bedside, with the shoe still in her hand. As soon as the child saw it, she exclaimed, — “Mammy’s shoe!” and held out her little, emaciated hand, to receive it, covered it with kisses, and placed it in her bosom. Many a time, through the day, she wailed and mourned for her mother. Susan, too, had her “crying spells”; but Rosanna came not. Day after day passed, and no tidings could be learned of the miserable woman. Many inquiries were made among the people of their own class; but no light was

thrown on the affair. And Catty said, "No wonder, for death told no tales." Once, she proposed having a *wake* for Rosanna; but Dora received the proposal with such evident indignation, that she said no more about it.

Childhood is easily reconciled to change; its tears are soon dried for the dearest friend that God has given it,—a mother! Catty, in the fulness of her heart, had told Dora of Rosanna's last words; and Dora declared, that she would adopt the children, and bring them up, with her own, in the fear of God. Susan ceased to talk of her mother; she was naturally a gay and happy child. She "loved Aunty Dora and her new sisters dearly"; and she said, "Pat was a kind little brother; and not only did not tease her himself, but would not let Jim Corny."

And could Lizzy, who was a year older than Susan, thus easily forget her

mother? Oh, no! Sickness had matured her sensibilities; she had always slept on her mother's arm; and never had she given indications of pain, but Rosanna had roused herself, however deadly was the draught of the evening before.

Can a mother forget her babe? Poor Rosanna! she had forgotten herself, her best and highest interests, her duty to God and to society; but she had been true to maternal affection. She had watched and wept over her children; she had put aside for them the untasted meal, for which she was famishing. Weary, exhausted, and sick, she had labored for them. But one duty she had wholly neglected; she had never prayed for them! How should she? she, who never prayed for herself! It was here the enemy found entrance, and, in the fatal draught, administered his poison.

Lizzy felt for her mother a love, that time could not extinguish. Sometimes, when allusion was made to her, she said, "I don't love to talk of my mother, because it makes me cry." But, amidst her tears, she renewed the subject, and covered the shoe, that she always kept by her side, with kisses.

God is merciful; we may trust in him, though his blessings are not given like ours. The mother of the little sufferer was removed; but, in Dora, He had given her a truer friend. Her excellent nursing, and experience in sickness, did wonders for Lizzy. The Dispensary Doctor attended her daily. His prescriptions were faithfully followed, and the little girl was again able to take the fresh air.

Sometimes, Dora took her in her arms, and carried her down to the wharf, — that very wharf, so memorable to Catty. The child loved the sight,

and the sea air strengthened her. Her imagination seemed disproportioned to her years. Once she exclaimed, — “I see her! I see her! In that beautiful vessel, with the white sails; she comes over the waters to take me with her.”

“Ah, dear!” said Dora, “may be it is the Blessed Virgin that you see.”

“No!” said Lizzy, “it is my own dear mother. But it is not there now; ah! the waters have gone over it!”

And how was Dora to provide for two more mouths? and how support the expenses of attending Lizzy’s sickness? This was, sometimes, an anxious thought with her; but she was not cast down, for she trusted in God.

The Infant School had been an unspeakable relief to her, and Lizzy had got so well, that she could leave the twins under her care. It was a family of love, and Dora’s conduct had proved, that she was “*a poor wise woman.*”

We must now look in upon Catty. The first week or two, after Rosanna's absence, was devoted by her to weeping, wailing, and drinking. She was roused from this state by a visit from the school-mistress, who came to inform her, that Jim's habits were such, that, unless some change could be effected, he could no longer remain at school.

"You probably are not aware," said she, "that he is half the time in a state of intoxication, which renders him incapable of getting lessons. It was not immediately, that we discovered the cause of his dulness, and my assistant has taken more pains with him than with any other scholar. If you can prevent this habit, we are still willing to try to fit him for the primary school."

Catty listened with astonishment; she could scarcely believe her own ears. She had considered it a particular favor to the school and the school-mistress, that



Jim had attended it on any terms ; and, in her zeal, she confessed, that she was in the constant habit of hiring him to go, "*with a drink*," morning and afternoon. She said "they need not trouble themselves, for Jimmy would be glad enough not to go ; it was pretty dull work, for such a spry boy as he was, to sit on a bench all day ; and what 's more, he would n't do it if she did not give him a thimble-full to make him a little bit sleepy."

After trying, in vain, to make her comprehend the evil done to the boy, the point was given up. Mrs. Corny said, "Mary and Betsey might still go if they were a mind to ;" and the school-mistress left the house with the painful conviction, that the earnest desire of doing good to the unfortunate boy must be her only reward. Let us remember, with deep humility, that our heavenly Father does not proportion his benefits to our grateful reception of them ; that

he is patient and long-suffering; and let this be the great rule of our benevolence.

Often, from what appears unmixed evil, partial good arises. The teacher became now fully aware of Mrs. Corny's habits, and turned her attention towards the other two unfortunate children. The impression was strong, that she had made upon their young and flexible minds; and the pathos and sweetness of Mary's voice, when she sung the following little hymn, used in the school, was very touching.

“ Oh touch it not, oh touch it not !

For God hath said 't is sin.

Those who drink from the fatal bowl,

Feel grief and woe within.

“ Oh taste it not, oh taste it not,

'T will take your sense away ;

'T will make you poor, and wretched too,

And lead to death the way.”

It soon became evident, that Mary was a child of unusual sensibility and quickness of mind. When she was told of the ruin and misery produced by rum, she once involuntarily said, "Oh, I will tell my mother." She often sung the little hymn at home, and sometimes let fall what she had learned at school, of the sin and misery produced by intemperance. Such is the power of virtuous truth, that Mrs. Corny felt abashed before her own infant child. Would that we could say, she ceased to drink; but she drank *less*; for she became ashamed of the draught, when the innocent eye of the child was fixed upon her. She no longer offered her children the *thimble-full* at the bottom of the cup; for Mary said it was poison!

Poor Jim! we fear he was a lost one. Not long after he had quitted school, he was detected in thieving on one of

the wharves, and conveyed to the House for Juvenile Offenders.

We must now renew our acquaintance, slight as it was, with Mrs. Jones. After she had visited the families in the yard, and given them the opportunity of sending their children to the Infant School, she ceased to think much upon the subject; yet the image of Susan and the little suffering Lizzy, with the young and destitute mother, sometimes crossed her mind. She wondered how they went on, and would have given them money, if she had not known that it would be an injury to them. One day, however, on visiting the Infant School again, she was struck with Susan's blooming, happy face, with her glossy, light-brown hair, neatly braided, and tied up at the sides with bows of blue ribbon; and she remembered the contrast of her shabby, ragged appearance, when she first saw her. She called the child to her, and

questioned her about her mother. Susan's answers were as indistinct as her knowledge. She said, "she went away and did not come back, but sent Lizzy her shoe; and it slept with Lizzy every night; and Lizzy cried because she was *drowned*."

Mrs. Jones's curiosity was again awakened, and once more she determined to visit the yard. Susan naturally led her to Aunt Dora's ten-foot building. She there heard the melancholy story of Rosanna's disappearance.

"Do you think," said Mrs. Jones, "that she drowned herself?"

"No! ma'am," said Dora, "I can't think she was left to it, and to throw her children upon the wide world. But a blessing has come to me along with 'em. I never had such good day's-works and ready pay, as since she drowned herself."

“Then you think she did,” said Mrs. Jones.

“No, ma’am; I can’t think so; but I may as well say that as any thing else.”

“What was the story Susan told me about the mother’s sending Lizzy her shoe?”

“Oh, ma’am, she’s but a child; she did n’t mean to deceive you. No, ma’am! Mrs. Corny found the shoe, and that’s what makes her think poor Rosy was drowned; more particularly, as we never heard a word about her from that day to this.”

Mrs. Jones determined to go and see Mrs. Corny, and make more inquiries. She fortunately found her at home, and less besotted by drink than usual. She very willingly told all she knew, and repeated Rosanna’s last conversation.

“I feel deeply interested,” said Mrs. Jones, “in the fate of this poor woman.”

“I knew you would,” replied Catty;

"I told her so; but when I offered to go and tell you, she took on like a mad creature, and said, your eyes was so bright she could not bear to see 'em."

"This is very strange," said Mrs. Jones.

"Varry, indeed, ma'am," said Catty; "for if she 'd only told you about it, I was sure you 'd ha' helped her."

"About what?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"Why, about her and Jerry's first stopping with you."

The truth at once flashed across Mrs. Jones's mind. "This was Rosanna, then," said she; "the pretty, modest Irish girl that lived with me?"

"The varry same, ma'am."

"No wonder that I did not know her, so changed! and yet there was something that reminded me of somebody I had seen before. And Susan, too; she is the image of what her mother once was."

"Grief changes us all," said Catty; "I am as much changed as Rosanna. I have had great trouble since you was here. You remember my Jim, ma'am; a handier and a better boy there never was born; but they've dragged him off yonder, only for taking a handful of nuts;" and she began sobbing and wailing.

Mrs. Jones, after ascertaining the little she could about poor Rosanna, went immediately herself, to the Boar's Head Tavern. Her errand was one of mercy; and she did not stop to think "*what folks would say.*"

By this prompt step she gained some information that might be important. The boy, who saw her go down to the wharf, remembered there was a riot soon after. With this intelligence she returned home.



## CHAPTER V.

"Fill our souls with heavenly light,  
Banish doubt and clear our sight;  
In thy service, Lord, to-day,  
May we *work*, and watch, and pray."

MRS. JONES's interest with regard to Rosanna's fate was now fully excited. All her good qualities, which had made her unwilling to part with her, rose to her mind. Both she and her husband were aware, that two young foreigners, in a strange land, stood a poor chance of earning enough to support the additional expenses of a family. Mr. Jones advised them to deposit all the wages they could spare in the Savings Bank; and at the end of two years, if they be-

haved well during that time, he promised to give his consent to their marriage, and to put them in a way of useful and steady labor. Jerry was overcome with this kind advice, and acknowledged its wisdom with tears in his eyes, and said "he desired nothing better." Rosanna, to the same representation, made by Mrs. Jones, replied, "that it was n't her doings about being married; that she was quite contented as she was, and never so happy nor so well off before; and if it was n't that Jerry would be offended, she should like to live with her, (if Jerry could drive the carriage,) till the day of her death."

One month after, they were married! We need not go over the fatal termination of this union; it has been already told. Jerry's habits soon became those of confirmed intemperance, and Mr. Jones saw him no more.

When his wife mentioned to him Rosanna's disappearance, his humane feelings were engaged on the subject. He did

not believe that she had put an end to her existence; and, with the little information that his wife had gained, he began his investigation.

In the mean time, Mrs. Jones continued her visits to Dora. Lizzy, though still emaciated, was far more comfortable than could have been expected. She was able to assist Mrs. M<sup>c</sup>Cree in some of her household cares and gave evidence of a maturity of mind beyond her years.

“Would you believe it, ma’am,” said Dora, “she can read better than them that ’s a-going every day to school.”

“And an’t that,” said Lizzy, “’cause of Mary Corny? She is so kind to me, she comes arter school, and tells me over all the lessons; and when Betsey and Susan and the others are playing, she comes and sits with me. She knows every thing. Would you like,” said she, “to hear the little hymn she taught me.”

Mrs. Jones assented ; and, with a low, sweet voice, the child began.

“ Come, said Jesus’ sacred voice,  
Come, and make my paths your choice ;  
I will guide you to your home ;  
Little children, hither come.”

She stopped, and pressed her hand upon her side. “ I can’t sing but one verse at a time,” said she ; “ it makes me have a pain.”

“ Ma’am,” said Dora, “ she is a surprising child ; I don’t think she ’s long for this world. Do, Lizzy, sing that song you made about your mother.”

“ I have tried,” said she, “ but it won’t sing like the hymns Mary teaches me ; I will say it.”

“ There was a sick child who had only one mother,  
And she loved her dearly, dearly, dearly ;  
But the mother ’s dead, she went away, —  
When the mother ’s gone, what for does the sick child stay ! ”

Lizzy's sobs were audible when she finished her verse.

"She's all the time making them kind of songs about her mother," said Dora. "Sometimes I'll hear her in the dead of the night; and if any body goes to take the shoe away from her, if she's sound asleep, she wakes right up."

"God has given you the opportunity of doing great good to these poor children," said Mrs. Jones.

"God has always been good to me," said Dora. "Ah! it is better to be in God's hands, than to fall into the hands of man."

"I hope," said Mrs. Jones, "you have experienced no unkindness from your fellow men."

"Lizzy," said Dora, "the lady don't want you any more; jist go into t'other room to the twins."

"Now, ma'am," said she, when they were alone, "I will jist say one word

about myself, though I don't mane to trouble you. You see me here a poor, lonely widow."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jones.

"Well, for all that, ma'am, I have a husband living."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Jones, with surprise, "where is he?"

"Now that 's jist the thing, ma'am, you must n't ask me, 'cause it is n't honest nor respectable to be telling you."

"I cannot believe," said Mrs. Jones, "that one who so faithfully fulfils her duties, as you do to your own children and these poor devoted ones, and who seems to be a pious Christian, can be wanting in the duties of a wife."

"There 's things that a body can't talk about," said Dora, "'cause it 'll do no good, and it 's no matter; for God knows all, and God 's our judge in heaven, though man 's our judge on earth.

Ah! ma'am, my husband is in prison for life!"

"For what crime?" said Mrs. Jones.

"It is a long and a sad story, and may be ye would n't think him so much to blame, if I was to tell it; but I can't, I can't," said she, pressing her hand to her forehead.

"If I cannot be of any service to you, you are right not to talk on a subject that seems to distress you so much," said Mrs. Jones kindly; "but there is one thing in which I *can* help you; I will pay for the board of these poor children."

It is unnecessary to say, that Dora thankfully accepted the offer, though she had so cheerfully adopted them without the prospect of recompense.

Another week passed away. One evening, after the children were all asleep, Dora heard a low tap at the door. Catty often came in to sit an hour, and Mrs. M'Cree encouraged her to do so, in

the hope of doing her good by friendly advice. She saw at once, however, when a woman entered, that it was not Catty. The woman sat down, as if unable to stand, and threw back her hood.

"God above! it's Rosy!" exclaimed Dora.

"Yes, it is she herself," said Rosanna; "are my darlings well?"

"You may see 'em with your own eyes in the t'other room," said Dora. "Ah! Rosy, you want the comfort of their swate faces, I see by your own pale one."

"I will jist look upon 'em," said Rosanna; and in a moment she was by their side.

What shall restrain a mother's love? She had meant not to wake them; but in a moment her arms were folded round Lizzy, and her tears falling like rain. "My child! my child!" was all she could utter. Lizzy opened her eyes, and im-



mediately knew her mother. She laid her little head on her bosom.

“Have you come for me? we will go together,” said she. “Now I am happy.”

That night Rosanna, feeble and exhausted, parted not from her children, but slept between them, with an arm round each, and Lizzy closely pressed to her bosom.

Dora, once in the night, went from her own bed to look upon them. There were the lines of deep suffering on Rosanna’s face. She was greatly emaciated; but still the expression was sweet and tranquil. Earnestly Dora prayed, that no new tale of horror or guilt might meet her ear. Yet where could she have been thus long?

In the morning the violence of Rosanna’s emotions were past. The children were sent to school, and Lizzy, full of happiness, was watching over the twins. In a low voice Rosanna related to Dora her story.

"Where will I begin?" said she. "I have not courage; you will cast me off!"

"Rosy," said Dora, "by this blessed crucifix," and she pulled it from her bosom and pressed it to her lips, "if ye come innocent, if ye 've not gone hand in hand with guilt and infamy, if ye have not," said she, hesitatingly, "trusted to the *tender mercies* of your fellow men, I will never cast ye off. If ye 've a tale of guilt and misconduct to reveal, tell it not to me; but leave your *innocent* children here, for them *I never will cast off.*"

"You give me courage to tell my story," said Rosanna, "for God has preserved me from the guilt you mane. I remember, arter I left the Boar's Head Tavern, I thought Lizzy was crying for me. I wanted to go home; but I had been drinking rum with Catty. My senses were all in a whirl. I missed the way, and went down the wharf; the air was fresh, and the sea came foaming

up, jist as when I came in the ship from Ireland. I wanted to be on the waves. I thought I would jump into them, and then I remembered what you said, Dora; 'After death comes the judgment;' and I was afraid. Jist then, there came a great screaming and shouting; somebody laid hold of me; I tried to get away. I did n't know any more then, nor a great while arter. One morning, I waked up; I believed I had been asleep. I was all alone in a little room, with only one bed. I called my children; they were not there. Presently, two men came in; one said, 'She is better; she has found her senses.' I asked where I was; and he said, 'You are sick; I am the doctor come to see you; behave well, and no harm shall come to you.' Oh, Dora! where do you think I was? In the House of Correction! Yes, they had put me there, with them that was in the riot.

I need not tell you any more about that ; 'cause I don't know. Mrs. Jones will tell you all."

"Mrs. Jones!" said Dora, surprised ;  
"why, how does she know?"

"She found out all about it, and come to see me ; and it is owing to her, that I am. here. I was condemned to six months' labor in the House of Correction. That was the sentence ; but it an't but two since I went away."

Mr. Jones had been indefatigable in tracing out the fate of Rosanna. This, he at length accomplished. She had been taken up as one of the rioters. After a careful examination, but little evidence could be obtained with regard to her. The excessive quantity of rum she had taken had stupefied her senses. On the score of drunkenness, no evidence was wanting. She could give no account of herself, or of her place of residence ; and, when questioned as to her

name, she sometimes called herself Lizzy, and sometimes Rosanna. Her incapacity of answering questions was ascribed to sullenness and guilt. She was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for drunkenness. When she was conveyed to the House of Correction, her illness soon became apparent. She was in a high fever, that had settled on the brain. Amidst the wanderings of her reason, it was evident, that she was not a hardened offender; but the sin of *drunkenness* had been fully proved against her; and this rendered her a fit subject for the place. When she was well enough to work, she was put into the work-room. She was silent, retired, and obedient. She refused all association with the miserable women around her, whose language shocked and terrified her. In this state, Mr. and Mrs. Jones found her; and, through their testimony, she was released.

The two months, that Rosanna had been debarred from liquor, were salutary to her mind. She realized, to what this dreadful habit had brought her; how near she had been to death, by intoxication. Nor was there wanting pious counsel, to those who would listen; for the Sundays were days of religious instruction. Oh! would to God, that our prisons might become places of reform, rather than punishment! Solemn, though secret, were her resolutions, never again to put the poison to her lips, in any form whatever.

Nobody rejoiced more sincerely than Catty in Rosanna's return; which she would gladly have celebrated in her usual way, by a thimble-full. When she found, that her entreaties were declined, she told her, "her room was all ready, jist as she left it; and she never would ask her for a cent of pay, she was so glad to get her dear Rosy back."

"I thank you more than I can say," replied Rosanna, "for all your kind affection to me. You took me up when I was houseless and nobody minded me; but, oh! Catty, when ye meant to be kind, ye've been cruel. But ye are more cruel to yourself and your innocent ones. Oh! dear, dear Catty! let us both resolve never to touch the poison, never to let it enter our dwellings. Will ye not join me, dear, dear friend, in a solemn resolution?"

"I can't," said Catty.

"Why not?" asked Rosanna.

"Because, dear, I would n't kape it. It's now more than ten years, that I've known the cratur; and I can't give it up. I am poor, and have no friends; and sometimes my children are crying for bread, and I can't get a day's work; and the cratur's my comfort."

"Oh, Catty! and what makes ye poor? what made me so, but that same cratur?"

and what makes us friendless, but that ? ”

“ Well ! say no more about it now, dear ; I must tell you all about poor Jim.” And the sad story was again repeated.

Rosanna listened with the most heartfelt sympathy to Catty’s trouble.

“ Do ye not see,” said she, “ that if Jim had been going steady to school, he would not have been in the way of staling ? ”

“ Now who would call taking a handful of nuts, staling ? ” said Catty. “ As for his not going to school, it all comes of their doings ; if they had n’t worried the poor boy about lessons and all that, and had coaxed him a little, as I told ’em to their faces, they might have had him now ; as for his liking a little bit of a drink when he was a-dry, I wonder where was the harm of that ? ”

“ Oh, Catty ! do ye not see the harm



of *that*? Have you not seen it in me? Was n't I once so different from what I am now?"

"Rosy," said Catty, with as much resentment as her habitual good-nature would allow, "I don't take it kind in you to be praching to me in this way. I get enough of that from the priest, which is the great rason I never mind to go near him; and now I must say, that I don't think it quite handsome in you to take the very words out of his mouth and throw 'em at me."

"I never heard him say a word to you," said Rosanna, "in all my life."

"How should you?" said Catty, "when I have n't been near him before the time you come here. But I minded what he said to me when I saw him last; jist what you did, about the cratur's making me poor and frindless."

"And is n't it all true?" said Rosanna, "and has n't it brought me to the

House of Correction, and what has n't it done for poor Jim? Oh! Catty, may be I should n't have the resolution I feel now, like the little hymn your swate Mary sings, to 'taste it not,' if it was n't for my darlings."

"May be you 'll alter your mind," said Catty.

"God will help me to keep it," replied Rosanna, "if I pray to him morning and night."

"But you 'll grow sleepy, and then you wont think of praying," said Catty. "Sometimes when I come home after a day's work, I lay down anywhere, and sleep so sound I don't remember any thing."

"Oh, Catty!" said Rosanna, "I know what them deep sleeps mane, — I have had 'em too often, — they an't the natural, healthy sleep that God sends after a day's honest labor. No wonder they

make us forget to pray to him, when we forget our own children."

"Nobody can say that of me," said Catty, "for I am always a-thinking of 'em. And I have n't had a moment's comfort since they carried off my darling Jim."

"Ye must hope," said Rosanna, "that he will be better for it; it may be the manes of saving him from thieving."

"Who 'd think," said Catty, "that you bore such a grudge to poor Jim, all for his happening to break Lizzy's collar-bone, when it was a mere accident."

"You do me wrong, Catty," replied Rosanna meekly. "I bear no grudge to Jim; I was more to blame than he, for leaving her; but my punishment is heavy, — she can never be well again." Her tears fell abundantly as she spoke, and Catty forgot her resentment at once.

"May be you would not like it," said she, "if I was to offer you a thimble-full

now ; but any time, Rosy, when you feel a-dry, if I have any, you are welcome to it."

It seems to be the order of Providence, that we should be admonished through our very transgressions. The distrust that Catty so evidently felt of Rosanna's persevering in her resolution, made the latter more vigilant and watchful over herself. The future prospect was still dark for her. Her health was feeble, and her chance of earning a decent living, precarious ; yet she steadily determined not to return to her former abode, or put herself in the way of temptation. Mrs. Jones, after weighing the matter in her own mind, proposed taking her for a time into her family as a chambermaid ; there she would not only be removed from former influences, but be in the way of recovering her early habits of neatness and industry. It was a hard struggle for Rosanna to part

from Lizzy, even for a few months ; but Mrs. Jones was fully convinced, that, for the present, both she and Susan would be better off under Dora's care, who considered the money for the children's board a God-send.

There are virtues which are sure of finding their reward on earth, such as temperance, industry, meekness, and compassion. On these our Saviour has pronounced his blessing. But it is not on earth that we are to look for exemption from suffering. Poor Dora! it had come to her through the misconduct of her nearest friend ; and, though it was a sorrow hard to bear, it was not mingled with the most bitter of all afflictions, remorse. She had the serenity of a conscience at peace, and this diffused an atmosphere of love and peace around her.

Lizzy's health improves under the affectionate and judicious care of aunt

Dora ; Rosanna has the privilege of passing many hours with her children. She has laid aside her cap, her hair is neatly combed and braided, and her cloak now is only worn for comfort and warmth, and not to conceal a dirty or shabby dress. Any one who may chance to meet her in the street, would say at once, "That is a neat, industrious, temperate Irish woman ; would that the old country would send us many such !"

We hope those who have gone along with us in our story, will be convinced that Dora was a "poor wise woman." The truth is, she possessed no greater treasure than Catty, and she had more mouths to feed ; for Catty had but three children, and Dora five. She had lately come a stranger to Boston, and, therefore, had not had the same opportunity of making friends. As she never mentioned the particulars of her melancholy story, we do not think it right to lay

them before the public ; but thus much we feel authorized to say, that she was living in New York, when her husband, in a night of frolic and intemperance, was induced to join dissolute companions in setting fire to a barn. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced for life to the Sing-Sing prison. His protestations of “maning no harm,” and only doing it for a frolic, were poor arguments to extenuate a crime which endangered the lives and property of thousands. Dora had now but one object left, to bring up her children in the “fear of God,” which “is the beginning of wisdom.” It was her first wish, that they might be spared the agony of knowing that their father was a convict for life ; and she found, if she remained where the crime was perpetrated, this could not be avoided. She therefore took her children and came to Boston. For a short time, the oldest ones talked about their father ; but they

soon forgot his existence, and Dora never alluded to him, except in the mention to Mrs. Jones. Every one supposed her to be a widow.

She did not suffer this terrible affliction to unfit her for the duties of life; much less did she try to drown her sorrows in the poisonous bowl. We have said her first thoughts were for her children. That she might be faithful in her care of them, she rose very early, and always had a tub of water ready to wash them. This is all that is necessary; for, when children are accustomed to it, they learn to love it, and will splash about in it like so many ducks.

Now Dora never said, "Take care, children, not to let the water go on the floor;" for she thought water very good for the floor, and she taught the older ones to wipe it up properly. Catty was always wondering how Mrs. M'Cree could get so much time for "claning."



One of her ways was, being up betimes in the morning. She had three or four more hours of daylight in summer than her neighbour; so that in a week she gained about *twenty-eight hours*. She said, very truly, we ought not to complain of the want of time till we have used up what we have.

Another complaint that Catty made was about Mrs. M<sup>c</sup>Cree's *living*. She said, she could not, for her part, understand how a poor woman could afford dishes, of which the steam only made one's mouth water; for she must say, she never had been invited to a *taste* of them.

Now it was a fact, that if all the cents and four-pence-half-pennies, that the two women spent, had been set down on paper, it would have been found that Catty's living cost much the most, to say nothing about drink, which, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up all other comforts.

Mrs. Corny and her children were very fond of butter ; and, as she could not afford to buy good, she generally bought every day a slice of rancid butter, wrapped up in a piece of newspaper. "The poor things, too," she said, "liked what she liked ; and, as she must have them herself, it was hard if they could not."

Now Mrs. M<sup>c</sup>Cree had never taught her children to like things that were not wholesome, by having them for herself ; and, as to the savory dishes which excited so much astonishment, and some envy in Catty, a quarter part of what she spent for rancid butter, would have provided such a one for herself almost every day.

As Dora was a good economist, it may be very well to mention one of her dishes. Frequently, after a day's work, she had the remains of the dinner given to her, perhaps a bone of beef or mutton ; of this, she made a stew for the

next day, adding sliced potatoes, cabbage, and an onion.

What became of the *cold victuals* given to Catty, we have already seen. They were thrown into a promiscuous heap, the family selecting from it such articles as they liked, till even Catty was admonished, by one of her senses, that it had better be removed.

One of Catty's favorite quotations was, that "Every body must eat a peck of dirt, before they die." There is little doubt but she has eaten much more than her allowance; indeed, we believe the little Cornys have every one of them already eaten their peck.

Rosanna continues to improve under Mrs. Jones's care; but, as she has a real affection for Catty, with all her faults, she has laid a plan with Dora, for the sake of the poor children. The owner of the house that Mrs. Corny occupies, has consented to have it put

into neat and comfortable order in the spring, and Dora and Rosanna are to hire the two rooms and the attics above, and Catty is to move into Dora's ten-foot building. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones approve of this plan, and feel confidence in Rosanna's good conduct. Her great object is to have an eye upon Catty's children. The two girls are favorites at the Infant School; and Rosanna is sure, that, with the blessing of Heaven, Jim, when he returns, may yet be saved from drunkenness and vice.

We conclude with the words of Solomon, the royal *preacher*; "Then said I, Wisdom is better than strength, better than weapons of war; but *one sinner* destroyeth much good."

THE END.



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